



Defending the Green.

"An Irish-American Song."

My Irish fellow-countrymen, one thought I pray, bestow,
On dear old Erin's blood-stained root, cursed by a cruel foe;
Pray ne'er forget the far-famed deeds of glorious Ninety-
Eight,

But with your glorious sabres bright, work out Ould Ire-
land's fate.

The blessed shade of Emmett, from his bright seat above,
Beckons on Ould Ireland's sons the future bright to prove,
And on that great and glorious day, it never shall be seen,
That Ireland's sons shall be proscribed for wearing of the
Green.

In days of death and carnage, what sons have been more
brave,

Who have sunk with front more bold into the warrior's holy
grave,

Than thy brave sons, dear Erin, land of the poet's pride,
Whose sons for every land oppressed have shed their crim-
soned tide?

Then strike for home and fireside, and for your friends of
yore,

And to avenge the fall of those, whose souls have gone before
The spirit of O'Connell, with looks of love serene,
Points to the day, that soon will come, when all may wear
the Green.

See the front of battle lour, and there are marshalled hosts,
Who of making feasts on Irish hearts have vainly made their
boasts;

Have set the battle in array 'gainst freedom's holy cause,
And have sent forth their myriads to enforce the tyrant's
laws,

Bring forth the dreaded firelock, loud let the cannon peal,
The fate of foes to Ireland let bloody battles seal,
Let no such word as Failure in our language more be seen
But victorious or nobly fall, defending the Green.



The Irishman.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air,
Then why not Erin's sons adore
An Isle which nature formed so fair,
When floods reflect a shore so sweet,
As Shannon's great Pastoral Ban,
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman.

His hand is rash—his heart is warm,
But principal is still his guide,
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be duped but wont be dared,
More fit to practice than to plan,
He dearly earns a mere reward
And spends it like an Irishman.

If poor and strange he'll pay for you,
Or guide to where you safe may be,
If you're his comrade while you stay
His cottage holds a Jubilee;
His very soul he will unlock,
And if he may your merit scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bide he dares to do,
Try him with bribes they won't prevail,
Put him in fire you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety be his post
Where'er it may be in dangers van,
And if the field of fame be lost,
It is not by an Irishman.

Erin's loved land from age to age,
Be thou more great, more famed and fir
May peace be yours or should you wage
Defensive war—cheap victory
May plenty flow in every field
Which gentle breezes sweetly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely guild
The breast of every Irishman.

